

harsh reality

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Summary: The glory of war heroes are over-exaggerated. Many are overlooked-forgotten to the passing of time. This is the tale of a battle of one such forgotten soldier. SPARTAN-B406 of BETA Squad.

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SPARTAN-B406 sighed as he looked over his helmet, the blue visor reflecting his face back at him. The UA/CNM attachment still looked as new as the day it was added to his helmet. His brown eyes with an exclamation-point shaped scar over his left eye stared back at him, while his slightly messy brown hair stood up every way after his helmet had been pulled off. It had been a couple of minutes since the squad had been put into the pelican, and some of the rookie marines seemed surprised that there was actually a human in the MJOLNIR armor. Putting his helmet back on, he thought back on how he joined the UNSC.

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His Great-Uncle and Grandfather had been War Veterans. Both had died-but luckily, it had been in old age enjoying their retirement. He had been content to leave the fighting to the soldiers currently in the armed forces, but as the Covenant constantly moved closer to Earth-his home-he acknowledged that the UNSC needed more soldiers and thus, slightly reluctant to take the risk, had signed up. A couple of his friends had as well, and apparently the UNSC had noticed how well he worked with his here friends. The next thing he knew, he was-while under anesthesia-given the SPARTAN augmentation and sent into BETA Squad. The armor had served him well under training. He had been given a Tactical/Recon chest piece, Recon shoulder pieces, and FJ/PARA kneepads, with an ODST helmet. Both wrists had a UA/BUCKLER attachment. His emblem was of two crossed energy swords over a grey shield. The sword nearest his right arm was white, while the one with the "handle" facing his left arm was teal. His armor was green with a blue secondary coloration and blue details. While being trained, he

was fortunate enough to be classified as an "operator" class-the class of SPARTAN that most commonly was given the armor lock ability.

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The Pelican touching down shook him out of his thoughts. Loading his shotgun, he checked his ammunition. The pouches attached to his chest armor were loaded with extra rounds, so he moved onto his pistol attached to his left leg. The handle of the energy sword he had taken from an Elite's dead body was locked to his right leg. Plasma weapons always had intrigued him. There were a few questions that he never found answers to. Did the Covenant recharge them? If so, how did they recharge them? Still, he had no time to ponder these questions. His orders were clear: help stall the Covenant forces until they evacuated the planet they were on. Their location was in a mountainous desert-almost like the outback of Australia. "They always take me to the loveliest places" he muttered. They currently had two Frigates facing two Elite battlecruisers and a Brute Assault Carrier. They had met up with the marines and ODST already stationed at the planet. That made a total of 600 humans against a force of 6000 Covenant. Luckily, the UNSC already knew that the planet would be lost-they were just stalling so that the inhabitants would be escorted to Pelicans outside the cities. Those Pelicans would go to one of the two Frigates. Once the inhabitants were off, they would retreat to Pelicans and board the Frigates and make a random Slipspace jump.

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His first contact was a Grunt, one that was taking a nap. A napping Grunt was both a good sign and a bad sign. The good thing was that it allowed him to take a foe out without alerting the others. The bad news was that if a grunt was asleep-they had strong soldiers nearby. A quick glance proved his fears. Two Elite Zealots stood guard facing away from him-each with an energy sword primed. A Brute stood between them, a gravity hammer attached to his back with he apparently checked something on his communication systems-an incoming message perhaps. He turned his attention back to the grunt and unsheathed his combat knife and drove it into the grunt's skull before it could wake up and alert the others. "SPARTAN. We're in position. Over." The voice of an ODST said over his communication system. "Roger that" He replied, "Hold and wait for my signal. Over." He checked the shotgun's ammunition once again. In less than a minute, the attack would begin. With the Covenant ground forces focused on them-the evacuations would run into less trouble. Still, he was apprehensive and constantly checked his motion sensor. He couldn't wait until the "battle" was over. After this assignment, he would be stationed at a far-off planet to help guard it. That planet had not been visited by the Covenant, which was a good thing in his book.

That assignment would most likely be the closest thing to a vacation he would get during the war.

And chapter one is done! Here is the webpage with the armor design:  
#/d5ccuim

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file.